

Dramatized by Charles W. Goddard.

He kept his word. When he reached the girl's residence he produced a large brass megaphone and a small portable electric fan. He attached the megaphone to the latter by a virtually closed tight. With his workmen assisting him he walked around the room studying the angles of the umbrella.

"I wonder where Varney is now? He must be having a little heartburn even yet, for he has received some of the worst of the worshippers."

At this particular instant Arthur Varney was bursting through the black velvet curtains of the High Master of the temple. Worshippers, in the heart of the secret meeting rooms.

"Varney, what do you mean by this? It came the rasping voice. "Why disturb the toilet?"

The worshippers saw that they were concentrating on the human head which has been laid upon the unholy program of our order."

Varney looked at his shoulder. There before the fiendish altar sat a circle of thirteen men bowing back and forth in a rhythmic motion. He recited the mantra. This time it was in English.

"Your heart must beat slower, slower slower."

Before them, in the center of the weird circle, lay a human heart, again which they all addressed a gesture with their empty hands as of sequestering an object.

Varney nodded.

"Master, I have terrible news. Alden has intended our thought energy and our power."

The Master lost not a sound. He laughed discordantly, and crashed on the floor. The great thing was gone at his side. The other worshippers appeared, bowing low.

"Let the brethren depart at once to Varney's residence. He must avoid any attempt of this miserable Alden. You go as well, Varney. I am always

safety in his lead-lined cell. Then he began to fume.

"Where's the black crystal? I want to get the messages, if any are sent!"

He looked about the room, and was afraid to go out. He hesitated as the leader door opened.

Alden was holding the brass megaphone up to the Leyden jar, waiting for the supreme moment. Myra, sitting on the edge of the bed, was staring and gazing fixedly into the crystal globe through which she had seen such strange visions before. The tensions of the night had taken hold of her, and a nervous strain under which she was watching the crystal.

"Tell me what you see? Quick, Mike! Mike! Mike! When the man with the upturned thumb?"

Alden was holding the megaphone in readiness, aiming it in the direction of the concavity of the lead-lined umbrella.

"No, not since that first glimpse—oh, oh!" and she was fairly screaming.

"See!"

"All ready!" cried Alden with a beating ring in his voice. "Shoot!"

At the word he touched the metal end of the Leyden jar, and a spark flew to the Leyden jar. He was protecting his own hands with non-conducting silk wrapped about his wrists and fingers.

The woman on the bed screamed, the doctor was "temporarily dazed" by the tremendous spark which seemed to shoot like a thunderbolt through the heart of the room. The woman on the bed and Dan dropped to his knees as though expecting gun play. Then all was calm.

"Anything in the glass?"

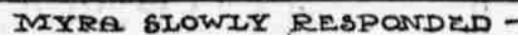
"Yes, in the crystal the form of a man lying face downward! He doesn't move. Now it fades 40m view," said Myra, and she believed, dropping the megaphone.

"Yes, I'm sorry. But I shiver, I've the bull's-eye that time," said Alden.

"It has been worth the bother; if we succeed in hoisting him with his own petard.

(To be continued next Sunday.)

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Avoid the use of cocoanut oil or preparations containing alkalis. Soaps and other alkaline foam, so be on your guard, as they tend to dry the scalp. Go to O'Donnell's Drug Store, 904 Broadway, and ask for a 50c bottle of Speiser's Scalp Tonic. Use it according to directions, and in a reasonable time dandruff, falling hair and scalp irritation will disappear and the natural growth of the hair will be promoted. Mr. O'Donnell is so confident of the merits of this preparation that he offers to return your money if it fails. —Advt.

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